

Fredricks-town, July 23.
Extraordinary Flood.—Only a few weeks have elapsed since we had to record the devastations of the "mighty flood." But that was but a rippling stream to what was experienced by the inhabitants of this town and neighborhood on Monday night last. During the day an immense body of water had fallen. About dusk the town creek began to swell, and in a short time a torrent of water rushed from the mountains with such irresistible force as to tear up pavements, sweep away fences, bridges, stone walls, &c. The meadows were completely inundated, and the first floors of the houses in the vicinity were covered with water. With such rapidity did the water rise that some families residing near Benta-Town bridge were surrounded before they could make their escape. A hack (owned by Mr. Perry) employed to assist them, whilst waiting at Mr. Springer's door, was precipitated into an adjoining lot, where it lodged. The darkness of the night made it impossible to render any assistance, or even to ascertain the fate of the driver. About one o'clock, however, (the water having considerably subsided) it was discovered that he was securely perched on a willow tree, having been most fortunately thrown against it. The horses were drowned, and were found with the hack yesterday morning lying in the lot. The foot-bridge at Mr. Martz's tan-yard was swept in a body against the bridge in Market street, and so completely dammed up the current, as to throw the water nearly up to Patrick street, filling the cellars, clearing the fences, and doing other considerable damage in its course. Several sick persons residing immediately adjoining Market street bridge, had to be removed in the beds, the persons who carried them having to wade a considerable depth to relieve them. The loss sustained on this occasion is great. Three or four tan yards were laid entirely under water, and the leather, &c. either swept away or much damaged. So great a flood has not occurred in this place within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants.

Baltimore, July 26. FRESHETS.

Last evening about 9 o'clock, a rapid rise of Jones' Fall took place, which eventuated in a flood, for a time considerably alarming, and from which some damage was actually sustained, though not so much as was at first anticipated. It was at its height between 11 and 12 o'clock, and carried away the foot bridge in Bridge street so called, leading from Gay street; and the foot bridge by the Fish Market. Pratt street stone arch bridge also is so materially injured, in two of the western arches, that it is considered dangerous to pass, and that they will require to be rebuilt.—A number of casks of various descriptions were swept away, but have been principally recovered. In some of the lower parts of the course of the stream, it was found expedient to escape from the dwellings, in batteaux;—and great activity was manifested to yield the requisite assistance.

The principal injury, which took place, was in the cellars, where, we learn some property has been damaged. A more important consideration would be the consequences resulting to the health of the city, from the water left in them, but we observe active and energetic measures are taking, to drain this off by suction engines, &c. as well as to remove the alluvial deposits in the markets, &c. The water rose to a considerable height in the adjacent streets, and all that part called the meadow was overflowed. The copious fall of water must have been at some distance from the city, as only a trifling shower of rain was experienced here.

Since writing the above, we find that much loss and injury are sustained at White's distillery, McCausland's brewery, and the other property in that neighbourhood.

The Egyptian Tomb.—Mr. Belzoni has completed and opened his prepared models of the wonderful tomb which he explored in the precincts of the Nile. The representation is so perfect that the beholder can easily participate in the feelings which are induced by the contemplation of those immense works, which must have occupied hundreds of labourers and artists for many years in the completion. A mer- verbal description was sufficient to

raise the highest interest, but a fac simile has infinitely more attractions, especially when the industry and perseverance indispensable to the success of such an undertaking are reflected upon. Mr. Belzoni's Exhibition has charms not only for the admirers of art and the lovers of antiquity, but those who are influenced by curiosity alone will find enough to astonish and delight them. The chambers, in which the original size and colour of the figures on the wall are exactly preserved, present much matter for speculation both to the mythologist and historian. A procession of captives attracts particular attention. Before a "hawk-headed divinity" are four red men with white kirtles; then four white men with thick black beards, & with a simple white fillet round their black hair, wearing striped and fringed kirtles; before these are four negroes, with hair of different colours, wearing large circular ear-rings, having white petticoats, supported by a belt over the shoulder, and next in order march four white men, with smaller beards and curled whiskers, bearing double spreading plumes in their heads, tattooed, and wearing robes, or mantles, spotted like the skins of wild beasts. Now Mr. B. is disposed to consider the red men as Egyptians, the black bearded men Jews, and the tattooed as Persians; and the conjectures seem to accord remarkably well with the history of the times concerned; for Necho, the father of Psammis, whose tomb this is supposed to be, is known, both from sacred history and from Herodotus, to have had wars with the Jews and with the Babylonians; and Herodotus mentions his expedition against the Ethiopians. So that this procession may very naturally be considered as consisting of captives made in his wars. The passages in Scripture, which illustrate this portion of history will be found in 2 Chronicles, chap. xxxv. ver. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24; and chap. xxxvi. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4; and in Jeremiah, xxxvi. See also the second book of Herodotus. It is impossible to conceive any thing more striking than this agreement of sacred and profane history, with this remarkable representation in the catacomb.

The gallery is further enriched with specimens of Egyptian sculpture; and there is a case of Egyptian curiosities containing idols, coins, mummies, scarabaei, lacrymatories, utensils, figures, vases, articles of dress and ornament, and a splendid manuscript of papyrus. The mummy of a long-armed ape is in perfect preservation, and covered with hair. The mummy of a young man, recently unrolled, is also in extraordinary preservation, and decides a great classical controversy, namely, in what way the brains were extracted for ancient embalming. It is distinctly ascertained that Herodotus was right in asserting, that this operation was performed through the nostrils; a crooked instrument can be readily passed up that organ, in the present subject, and command the whole region of the brain; which cannot be done either by the orifices of the eyes or mouth; and there is no opening whatever in the back of the head.—*London Magazine.*

MAJOR ANDRE.

The Duke of York, in compliance with the suggestions of the British Consul in this city, has ordered him, to cause the remains of the late Major Andre to be disinterred, and sent in a ship of war to England, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, near the monument long since erected to his memory. This act of justice, to the memory of a gallant and unfortunate victim, should not have been so long deterred by his government. Had he fallen in battle, it would have been the duty and the pleasure of a civilized people to have paid due honour to his remains, but as his end was ignominious, and admitted by the law of nations and of war to have been just, any public military demonstrations of respect would be a reflection on the illustrious members of the court martial who condemned him, and the great father of his country and of virtue, who ordered him to be executed.

N. F. Advocate.

From a Trieste paper of May 25. Two Turkish frigates, of fifty guns each, and four brigs, which recently sailed from Constantinople, in order to support the operations of the forces destined against the Insurgents of the Morea, having been given up to the latter by the Greeks which formed the majority of the

crews of this squadron. The Turks on board, in number about nine hundred were at first landed, as prisoners, on the Island of Milo; but as soon as the murderer of the Patriarch was known, the Greeks sacrificed them to their vengeance.

A letter to the Editors, from a gentleman at St Mary's, under date of July 15, 1821, says:

"On Tuesday the Province of East Florida was transferred, and the United States flag was hoisted on the castle of St. Mark, there to float as long as it shall wave over the capitol at Washington. The ceremony was attended with sadness instead of mirth; many were in tears. This place is now no longer one of the extremities of the Union. And Florida, which has so long furnished one of the principal themes of newspaper animadversion, going now into peaceful retirement under the protection of this republic, will no longer afford matter for lengthy calumnies, causes for patriotic complaints, or events for political prediction." Nat. Int.

Swearing nobly reprov'd.—Prince Henry, the son of James II. had a particular aversion to the vice of swearing and profanation of the name of God. When at play he was never heard to do so; and being asked, why he did not swear at play as well as others, he answered, that he knew no game worthy of an oath. The same answer he is said to have given at a hunting match. The stag, almost quitted, crossed a road where a butcher was passing with his dog. The stag was instantly killed by the dog, at which the hunters were greatly offended, and endeavoured to irritate the prince against the butcher; but his highness answered, coolly, true, the butcher's dog has killed the stag, but how could the butcher help it? They replied, that if his father had been so served, he would have sworn so as no man could have endured. Away! cried the prince, all the pleasures in the world are not worth an oath."

Boston, July 23.

Line of Battle Ship Columbus. On Sunday, the United States ship of war Columbus, Com. Bainbridge, and sloop of war Spark, Capt. Elton, arrived in 45 days from Gibraltar. On anchoring off Long wharf, the ship was greeted with three hearty cheers by the citizens, who had assembled on the wharves, which were returned by the crew with the most cheerful alacrity, the yards being thronged with seamen. The officers and crew, we are happy to learn are in good health. The frigate Constitution, Captain Jones, arrived at Gibraltar, in the short passage of 21 days from this place. All well on board.

The Columbus brings Gibraltar Papers and Prices Current to the 30th May. The papers are extremely barren of news.

The Cortes have entered upon the discussion of a new General Plan of Finance; the first article of which reduces all tithes and first fruits one half their present amount. They have also agreed to abolish Seigneurial Rights.

The Royal Consort of the Infant Don Francisco de Paula, has been happily delivered of an Infant, to be christened by the name of Isabel Ferdinandina Josef Amalia.

A government monopoly of Tobacco, upon the old system, was to take place in Spain, after 1st July, 1821.

The General Direction of the Police of Naples, have declared Gen. Rossaroli guilty of treason, and ordered him to be shot, wherever found. They have also offered a reward of 1000 ducats, for the arrest of Laurent de Concillas, Michel Morelli, Joseph Silvati, Louis Mirichioni, and Joseph Capuchio.

Mr. Peal, an English merchant, and resident in Leghorn, since 1814, had been ordered to quit the Tuscan territory in 24 hours, in consequence, it was said of some disrespectful language expressed by him on reading the Austrian bulletins from Naples. His friends were unable to procure him any alleviation of the mandate.

A law project, relative to the manufacture of gun-powder, has been adopted in Spain, by which it is left perfectly free, like that of salt-petre with the exception of ordnance powder which for the present, is as heretofore, to be manufactured for account of the corps of artillery. The use of

foreign salt-petre from all quarters, is absolutely prohibited.

Gibraltar, May 23.

The Spanish Cortes have voted 15 095 men to complete the corps of the army this year, and 1500 for the regiments and brigades of the marine artillery. Their period of service is not to exceed 6 months.

By a vessel arrived at Lisbon from the Azores, we learn that the inhabitants of the Isle of St. Mary have submitted to the government and constitution of Portugal at the suggestion of the authorities of St. Michael; and that the latter have refused to acknowledge a new government sent there by the Captain General from Terceira.

The Cortes of Portugal have decreed that offences committed against religion and morality by means of the Press, in common with all other offences of the kind, shall be tried by juries.

May 30.

The Spanish Cortes having entered upon the discussion of a new general plan of finance the first article after several days debated was adopted as follows.—"All tithes and first fruits shall be reduced to one half their present amount, and collected in the same way and kinds as heretofore."

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Annapolis, Thursday, Aug. 2.

FEDERAL REPUBLICAN Electoral Ticket for Prince George's NICHOLAS SNOWDEN, GEORGE SEMMES.

For Somerset.
THOMAS K. CARROLL.
Col. MATTHIAS DASHIELL.

For Calvert.
RICHARD GRAHAM,
Dr. JOHN DARE.

Montgomery.
THOMAS DAVIS,
GEORGE C. WASHINGTON.

For Allegany.
WILLIAM HILLEARY,
WILLIAM REID.

For Dorchester.
BENJAMIN W. LECOMPTE
Capt. MATTHIAS TRAVERS

For Frederick.
ALEXANDER WARFIELD,
Dr. WILLIAM HILLEARY.

For Worcester.
EPHRAIM K. WILSON,
THOMAS N. WILLIAMS.

For Kent.
WILLIAM KNIGHT,
JOHN B. ECCLESTON.

For Anne Arundel.
COL. THOMAS HOOD,
BRUCE J. WORTHINGTON.

Assembly Ticket for Frederick.
Robert G. McPherson, Ignatius Davis, Lewis Motter, John Duddel-

Assembly Ticket for Somerset.
Levin R. King, Littleton P. Den-

Assembly Ticket for Calvert.
Thos. Reynolds, Benjamin Gray, John J. Brooke, Dr. George Bourne

Assembly Ticket for Prince George's.
William D. Digges, William A. Hall, Dr. William Marshall, George Moreton.

Assembly Ticket for Worcester.
Charles Parker, William Tingle, jun. Thomas Hooper, Dr. John Stevenson.

Assembly Ticket for Kent.
William Knight, James P. Brown, J. W. Eccleston, Thomas Miller.

MR. GREEN.

It seems that the Editor of the Maryland Republican, or some of his friends, are very much enraged at Col. Hood and Mr. Worthington offering as Electors of the Senate. They consider it a very daring thing, for any man to presume, without their consent, to ask for the suffrages of his fellow citizens. These gentlemen have so long had our consciences in their keeping, and been in the habit of directing our votes, that they actually begin to think they have a right to do so, and seem to consider any man, who has the boldness to differ from them, as guilty of high treason against the legitimate authority of the high and mighty caucus. The harshest epithets, epithets which are enough to make a peaceable man's hair stand on end, are dealt out with an unsparing hand. All who are unwilling to bear the yoke which has been placed on our necks, and who may have ventured to ask Mr. Worthington and Col. Hood to give us a chance of freeing ourselves from it, are denounced as "base and contemptible wretches," as "creatures

who deserve to be flayed out of gentle society," as "supernatural reptiles," &c. Now, what can be very decent, and very gentlemanly in the country, (wherever it may be) Mr. Chandler came from, and on the State-House Hill at Annapolis, where I am told there is a little blustering squad in the habit of assembling to settle the affairs of the country, but amongst us plain country people it is considered downright blackguardism, and I can assure these refined gentlemen, that if they were to use such language in our presence they might think themselves very lucky if they themselves escaped the treatment which they threaten to others. But sir, my object in writing to you is not to give lessons in civility to the members of the caucus; for I suppose such high and polished gentlemen would be above being taught by a plain man like myself; but I would ask my fellow voters of the county, if such conduct can be endured? Are the sluices of billingsgate to be opened on every man who ventures to deny the right of Mr. Chandler, and his associates of the caucus, to dictate to the county, and who exercises the privilege of judging for himself? Are honest men to be deterred by the dread of such horrid abuse from doing what they believe will promote the interest of the state, and secure the independence of the county? Is this consistent with freedom? Does it not show a determination to keep the county in subjection to the will of a few men, who are in no respect better than the rest of us? For my part I am resolved not to submit to it; and many of my neighbours have formed the same resolution. They have determined to vote for Worthington and Hood, whom they know to be honest, well-judging men, and to have no interest distinct from our own. The common way of talking amongst us is, that neither of these gentlemen wants to be appointed a judge, or to get any other office, and therefore can have no object in offering but to promote the public good. Neither of them is a tobacco buyer, and of course they have no desire to keep down the price of that article, which it is so important to us all to get a good sale for. Besides this, we are pleased at their leaving it to us to say whether we will support them or not, instead of getting other people to tell us we must vote for them. It is a favourite old saying in the country, that every tub ought to stand on its own bottom.

Mr. Chandler's paper does to be sure say something about Mr. Worthington and Col. Hood being asked to come out. Whether this is true or not, I can't pretend to say; but one thing is certain, that if any of their friends did ask them to offer, they have not attempted to control our opinions, they have not tried to force them upon us whether we wish to have them or not; they have not heaped scandalous abuse upon every body that does not choose to support them. The paper talks too about meetings in loopholes and corners of the county. Now if this is true, what does it prove? Why that such a system of tyranny has been established by the caucus, that freemen are afraid openly to dispute their commands. This only shows that there is a stronger necessity for the people to prove to them that they are independent by voting against their nomination.

But the truth is, Mr. Green, I do not believe one word that the Maryland Republican says on this subject. And my reason is, that the only fact which he has stated distinctly enough to be clearly understood, (I mean about Mr. Worthington's inviting people to his house to consult about the election.) I have taken the trouble to enquire into, and have ascertained from the very best authority, that it is utterly destitute of foundation. Now when once catch a man tripping in this way, it is a rule with me to be very cautious afterwards about believing any thing that he says.

An Anne Arundel County Advertiser.
[Translated from the German.]
For the Maryland Gazette.
SINTRAM & HIS COMPANION
(Continued.)
CHAPTER 21.

After some time they returned from their sacred, inspired mood, the less poetical tenor of real life, when Wigand laid aside his classical studies with the bones of the dead, and observed: "It was part of my penance to carry about with me these horrid relics, from which perhaps he those of him who slew. Therefore went I in search

of them in the deep beds of the exhausted torrent, in the lofty pyramids of the eagle and vulture. On my peregrinations I sometimes met one who seemed to resemble me, but who was a great deal more powerful, though yet more exhausted and pallid than myself."

An imploring look from Sintram stopped the current of his observations. Wigand inclined with a smile towards him and said: "It is now you know the whole of the deep woe, that lacerated my heart. Therefore both the awe I felt of you, and the inclination which constantly drew me towards you, will be no longer inexplicable to you." For, young man, as much as you may resemble your mother's heart and benignity, and they appear shadowed forth in your countenance, overspreading it with a mild dawn, as the first beam of the rising sun playing on the breast of the mighty ice-berg, or over the snow covered valley."

"But," continued the pilgrim, after a moment's pause, "life and its woes and joys for me are gone, and I feel that my late song was 'probably my last, and that it contains a prophecy upon myself. Oh, how arid, how thirsty a soil is the soul of man—the more benefits a benignant Deity showers down upon us, the more we crave—and although many and great things have been done for me, yet would I pray for one more before my end. Alas, I feel it shall not be given me, I am unworthy of so high a revealing of grace."

"It shall be given thee!" replied the Chaplain. "He that hath humbled himself shall be exalted, and I will carry thee, purified from all stain of crime, before Verena, to take thy leave of her."

The Pilgrim raised both his hands to heaven; an unspoken prayer ascended from his beaming eyes, and from his lips, where played the celestial smiles of bliss. But Sintram looked silent to the ground, and breathed his ardent wish into a sigh: "Oh that I might go with you."

"I have heard thy prayer, poor Sintram," observed the Chaplain, with his accustomed friendliness: "but thy time has not yet arrived: As yet the powers of the Evil One are permitted to rebel within thy breast, and Verena must check thine and her own desire, till all be purity and holiness within thee as within herself. Be consoled with the thought, that God will help thee, and thou shalt surely see her, if not here, certainly in a better life."

The Pilgrim now rose from his chair and asked the Chaplain whether he thought proper now to accompany him to the cloisters: "For," said he, "before the sun has reached the horizon we may be at the monastery's gates."

It was in vain that the Chaplain and Rolf represented to him his enfeebled state, he insisted upon his demand, in a voice and manner that brooked not opposition. Before he went, he took the pilgrim's hand, and casting his eyes upon Sintram, who had sunk into a gentle slumber, he said, "Let me first sing sweet lullaby to this poor youth, I know he wishes it. A friendly smile of Sintram seemed to answer consent to the Pilgrim, he touched with gentle fingers the harmonious strings and sang:

Sleep peaceful, gentle youth,
Thy troubled breath to soothe,
A mother's prayer
Pleaseth above the stars,
Thy parents' fervent sighs
For thee will find its way.
Dost thou not think or dread
Dear youth, thy soul to leave?
Then listen to her voice:
For peace shall with thee dwell,
Thy breast's calm breathing tell,
When she approves the choice.
With thou but give thy ear,
Her sacred voice to hear,
No sorrows shall not fail,
Thy death and hell unite
Against thy soul's spite,
Their rage shall not prevail.

Sintram continued sleeping whilst a gentle smile spread over his face. Rolf and the Castellian sat at his bedside, and the Priest and Pilgrim journeyed forth through the starlight night.

(To be continued.)

From the Palladium.
Intercepted letter from a democratic gentleman in Boston, to his political friend in the country.
My dear boy,
What the devil are you all about in the County of—? Are all your towns asleep? Where is—, and —? We have your pledge when down to Court, you will remember, that the office of secretary, Adjutant General, State Treasurer, and the host of smaller ones, should be ours, provided the efforts of man could change the people's minds and bring them over to vote on our side.

of them in the deep beds of the exhausted torrent, in the lofty pyramids of the eagle and vulture. On my peregrinations I sometimes met one who seemed to resemble me, but who was a great deal more powerful, though yet more exhausted and pallid than myself."

An imploring look from Sintram stopped the current of his observations. Wigand inclined with a smile towards him and said:

"It is now you know the whole of the deep woe, that lacerated my heart. Therefore both the awe I felt of you, and the inclination which constantly drew me towards you, will be no longer inexplicable to you." For, young man, as much as you may resemble your mother's heart and benignity, and they appear shadowed forth in your countenance, overspreading it with a mild dawn, as the first beam of the rising sun playing on the breast of the mighty ice-berg, or over the snow covered valley."

"But," continued the pilgrim, after a moment's pause, "life and its woes and joys for me are gone, and I feel that my late song was 'probably my last, and that it contains a prophecy upon myself. Oh, how arid, how thirsty a soil is the soul of man—the more benefits a benignant Deity showers down upon us, the more we crave—and although many and great things have been done for me, yet would I pray for one more before my end. Alas, I feel it shall not be given me, I am unworthy of so high a revealing of grace."

"It shall be given thee!" replied the Chaplain. "He that hath humbled himself shall be exalted, and I will carry thee, purified from all stain of crime, before Verena, to take thy leave of her."

The Pilgrim raised both his hands to heaven; an unspoken prayer ascended from his beaming eyes, and from his lips, where played the celestial smiles of bliss. But Sintram looked silent to the ground, and breathed his ardent wish into a sigh: "Oh that I might go with you."

"I have heard thy prayer, poor Sintram," observed the Chaplain, with his accustomed friendliness: "but thy time has not yet arrived: As yet the powers of the Evil One are permitted to rebel within thy breast, and Verena must check thine and her own desire, till all be purity and holiness within thee as within herself. Be consoled with the thought, that God will help thee, and thou shalt surely see her, if not here, certainly in a better life."

The Pilgrim now rose from his chair and asked the Chaplain whether he thought proper now to accompany him to the cloisters: "For," said he, "before the sun has reached the horizon we may be at the monastery's gates."

It was in vain that the Chaplain and Rolf represented to him his enfeebled state, he insisted upon his demand, in a voice and manner that brooked not opposition. Before he went, he took the pilgrim's hand, and casting his eyes upon Sintram, who had sunk into a gentle slumber, he said, "Let me first sing sweet lullaby to this poor youth, I know he wishes it. A friendly smile of Sintram seemed to answer consent to the Pilgrim, he touched with gentle fingers the harmonious strings and sang:

Sleep peaceful, gentle youth,
Thy troubled breath to soothe,
A mother's prayer
Pleaseth above the stars,
Thy parents' fervent sighs
For thee will find its way.
Dost thou not think or dread
Dear youth, thy soul to leave?
Then listen to her voice:
For peace shall with thee dwell,
Thy breast's calm breathing tell,
When she approves the choice.
With thou but give thy ear,
Her sacred voice to hear,
No sorrows shall not fail,
Thy death and hell unite
Against thy soul's spite,
Their rage shall not prevail.

Sintram continued sleeping whilst a gentle smile spread over his face. Rolf and the Castellian sat at his bedside, and the Priest and Pilgrim journeyed forth through the starlight night.

(To be continued.)

From the Palladium.
Intercepted letter from a democratic gentleman in Boston, to his political friend in the country.
My dear boy,
What the devil are you all about in the County of—? Are all your towns asleep? Where is—, and —? We have your pledge when down to Court, you will remember, that the office of secretary, Adjutant General, State Treasurer, and the host of smaller ones, should be ours, provided the efforts of man could change the people's minds and bring them over to vote on our side.

What the devil are you all about in the County of—? Are all your towns asleep? Where is—, and —? We have your pledge when down to Court, you will remember, that the office of secretary, Adjutant General, State Treasurer, and the host of smaller ones, should be ours, provided the efforts of man could change the people's minds and bring them over to vote on our side.